

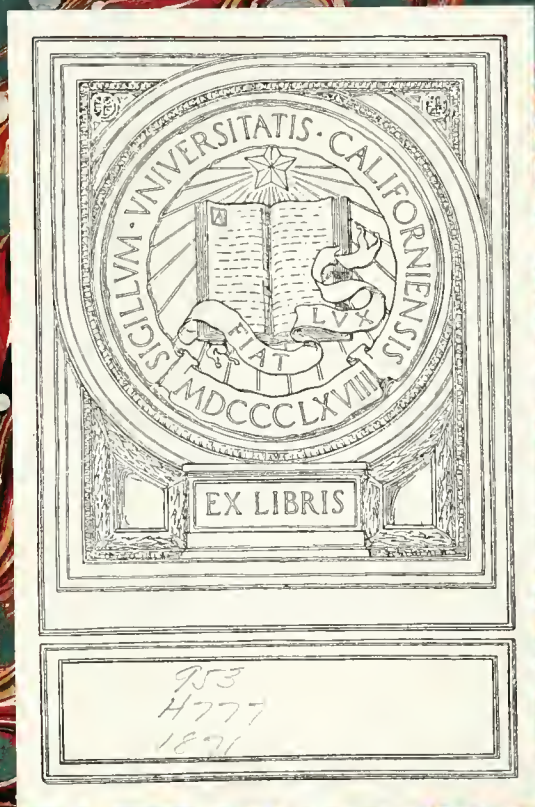
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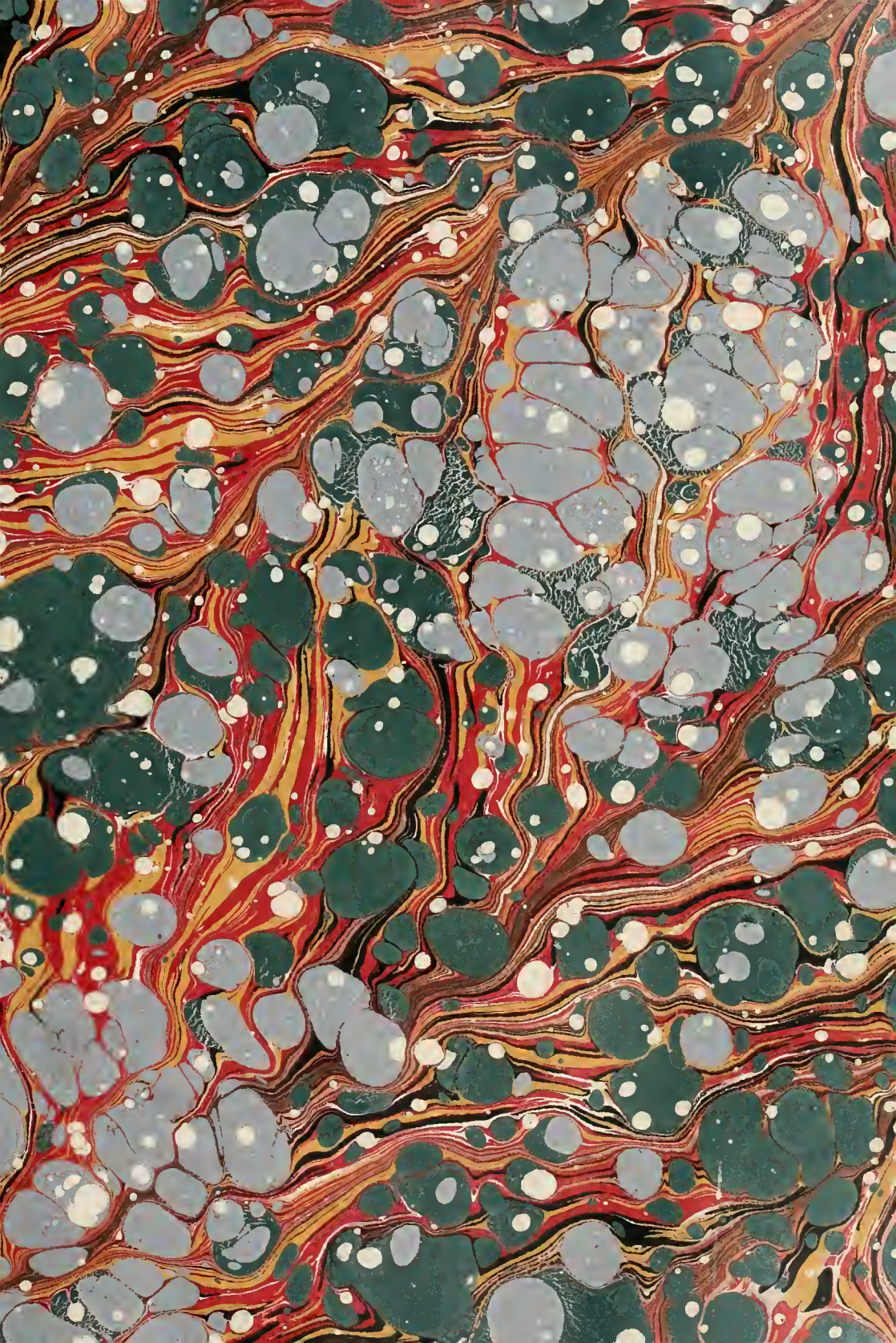
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P O E M S  
BY  
THOMAS HOOD.

ILLUSTRATED BY  
BIRKET FOSTER.



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1871.

VNU  
BULLETIN

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## Hymn to the Sun.



EVER of glowing light !  
Though but a god of other days  
The kings and sages  
Of wiser ages  
Still live and gladden in thy genial rays !

King of the tuneful lyre,  
Still poets' hymns to thee belong  
Though lips are cold  
Whereon of old  
Thy beams all turn'd to worshipping and song !

Lord of the dreadful bow,  
None triumph now for Python's death,  
But thou dost save  
From hungry grave  
The life that hangs upon a slipper breath.

Father of my day,  
No more thy clouds of incense rise,  
But waft us, few're  
At morning hours,  
Give out their sweets to meet thee in the skies.

God of the Delphic fane,  
No more thou lacerest to hymns sublime,  
But they will leave  
On winds at eve,  
A solemn echo to the end of time.







THE  
JOURNAL  
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## Sonnet.

### ON RECEIVING A GIFT.

**L**OOK how the golden ocean shines above  
Its pebbly stones, and magnifies their worth.  
So does the bright and blessed light of Love  
Its own things glorify, and raise their worth.  
As weeds seem flowers beneath the flattering breeze,  
And stones like gems, and gems as gems in need,  
Ev'n so our tokens shine ; nay, they outshine  
Pebbles and pearls, and gems and coral weed :  
For where be ocean waves but half so clear,  
So calmly constant, and so kindly warm,  
As Love's most mild and glowing atmosphere,  
That hath no dregs to be upturn'd by storm.  
Thus, sweet, thy gracious gifts are gifts of peace,  
And more than gold to doting Avarice.





## The Mary.

### A SEASIDE SKETCH.



LOVST thou not, Alice, with the early tide  
To see the lark fly faster from his nest,  
And stretch his sail towards the ocean wide—  
Like God's own feathered angels sent to scout  
His path to the deep, which can provide  
Unnumbered swatches, hidden in its vast  
Room for Charity's, for all who seek  
And take its precious store thankful and quick?

The sun is swift with morning, past the dark  
See as it is to immerse her small black ark  
For it is early hoisted, like a mast  
For the low water to show its work. The pale  
And level beach—All round the sandy bar  
The green wave glimmers, and the golden gleam  
Swells in her canvas, till the sunset glow  
The knots are spun, and written at the bow.







Then look a-haft — for thou canst not understand  
That phrase — and there he sitteth at the stern,  
Grasping the tiller in his broad brown hand,  
The hardy Fisherman. Thou may'st discern  
Ten fathoms off the wrinkles in the tann'd  
And honest countenance that he will turn  
To look upon us, with a quiet gaze —  
As we are passing, on our several ways.

So, some ten days ago, on such a morn,  
The Mary, like a seamew, sought her spoil  
Amongst the finny race : 'twas when the corn  
Woo'd the sharp sickle, and the golden ear  
Summon'd all rustic hands to fill the horn  
Of Ceres to the brim, that brave turmoil  
Was at the prime, and Woodgate went to reap  
His harvest too, upon the broad blue deep.

His mast was up, his anchor heaved aboard,  
His mainsail stretching in the first gray gleams  
Of morning, for the wind. Ben's eye was there,  
With fishes — fishes swam in all his dreams,  
And all the goodly east seem'd but a host  
Of silvery fishes, that in shoals and stream  
Groped into the deep dusk that fill'd the sky,  
For him to catch in meshes of his eye.

For Ben had the true sailor's sanguine heart,  
And saw the future with a boy's brave gleam;  
No doubts, nor faint misgivings had a part  
In his bright vision—ay, before he could fit  
His fish, he sold them in the early morn,  
And soon'd the net *prospect*. This he did long *prospect*  
Downer upon him when his hopes were faded.  
But though one cry was marr'd, again he would

And now'd his need afresh. — Many a blight  
Perch'd his hard-earned gain—yet he had plann'd  
No schemes of too extravagant delight—  
No godly houses on the Goodwin sand—  
But a small humble home, and loving night,  
Such as his honest heart and earnest hand  
Might fairly purchase. Were these hopes too *high*?  
Such as they were, they rested on thee, Mary.

She was the prize of many a to-beome year,  
And her own wage, in the perilous sea—  
Of savings ever since the shipmate's tear  
Was shed for home, that lay beyond the lee—  
She was purveyor for his other dear  
Mary, and for the infant yet to be  
Fruit of their married loves. These made him glad  
Upon the lonely beauty of his ship.

Whose pitch black hull roll'd darkly on the wave,  
No gayer than one single stripe of blue  
Could make her swarthy sides. She seem'd a slave  
A negro among boats — that only knew  
Hardship and rugged toil — no pennons brave  
Flaunted upon the mast — but oft a few  
Dark dripping jacket, flutter'd to the air,  
Ensigns of hardihood and toil — me care.

And when she ventured for the deep, she spread  
A tawny sail against the sunbright sky,  
Dark as a cloud that journeys overhead —  
But then those tawny wings were stretch'd to fly  
Across the wide sea desert for the bread  
Of babes and mothers — many an anxious eye  
Dwelt on her course, and many a fervent pray'r  
Invoked the heavens to protect and spare.

Where is she now ? The secrets of the deep  
Are dark and hidden from the human ken ;  
Only the sea-bird saw the surges sweep  
Over the bark of the devoted Ben,  
Meanwhile a widow sobs, and orphans weep,  
And sighs are heard from weatherbeaten men,  
Dark sunburnt men, uncouth and rude and hairy,  
While loungers idly ask, " Where is the Mary ? "



## Bianca's Dream.

A VENETIAN STORY.

**B**IANCA!—fair Bianca!—who could dwell  
With safety on her dark and hazel gaze,  
Nor find there lurk'd in it a witching spell,  
Fatal to balmy nights and blessed days  
The peaceful breath that made the bosom swell,  
She turn'd to gas, and set it in a blaze;  
Each eye of hers had Love's Euphryon in it,  
That he could light his link at in a minute

So that, when ever in her charms she shone  
A thousand hearts were kindled into flame  
Maidens who curst her look for their own,  
And beads were turned to flint when she came  
All hearts indeed were conquered but her own,  
Which none could ever temper down or tame  
In short, to take our halcyon's hint,  
She might have written over it—“Faint Faint”



She was, in truth, the wonder of her sex,  
 At least in Venice—where with eyes of brown  
 Tenderly languid, ladies seldom vex  
 An amorous gentle with a needless frown ;  
 Where gondolas convey guitars by pecks,  
 And Love at casements climbeth up and down,  
 Whom for his tricks and custom in that kind,  
 Some have considered a Venetian blind.

Howbeit, this difference was quickly taught,  
 Amongst more youths who had this cruel jailor,  
 To hapless Julio—all in vain he sought  
 With each new moon his hatter and his tailor ;  
 In vain the richest padusoy he bought,  
 And went in bran new beaver to assail her—  
 As if to show that Love had made him *smart*  
 All over—and not merely round his heart.

In vain he labour'd thro' the sylvan park  
 Bianca haunted in—that where she came,  
 Her learned eyes in wandering might mark  
 The twisted cypher of her maiden name,  
 Wholesomely going thro' a course of bark :  
 No one was touch'd or troubled by his flame,  
 Except the Dryads, those old maids that grow  
 In trees,—like wooden dolls in embryo.

In vain complaining, elegiac he writ,  
And taught his timorous instrument to grieve,  
And sang in quaver how his heart was split,  
Constant beneath her lattice with each eve.  
She mock'd him wailing with her wicked wit,  
And slashed his suit so that it reached his sleeve,  
Till he grew silent at the vesper star,  
And quite despairing ham-string'd his guitar.

Burca's heart was coldly frosted o'er  
With snows unmelting—an eternal sheet,  
But his was red within him, like the core  
Of old Vesuvius, with perpetual heat.  
And oft he long'd internally to pour  
His flames and glowing lava at her feet,  
But when his burnings he began to spout,  
She stopp'd his mouth,—and put the *crater* out.

Meanwhile he waited in the eye of men,  
So thin, he seem'd a sort of skeleton key  
Suspended at death's door—so pale—and then  
He turn'd as fervent as an open tree;  
The life of man is the escape years and ten,  
But he was perishing at twenty three,  
For perils trayed him, as grief grew stronger,  
"It could not shorten his poor life—much longer."

For why, he neither slept, nor drank, nor fed,  
 Nor relish'd any kind of mirth below,  
 Fire in his heart, and frenzy in his head,  
 Love had become his universal foe,  
 Salt in his sugar—nightmare in his bed;  
 At last, no wonder wretched Julio,  
 O sorrow-ridden thing, in utter dearth  
 Of hope,—made up his mind to cut her off, th'

For hapless lovers always died of old,  
 Sooner than chew reflection's bitter end.  
 So Thisbe stuck her elf, what time 'tis told,  
 The tender hearted mulberries wept blood;  
 And so poor Sappho, when her boy was cold,  
 Drown'd her salt tear-drops in a saltier flood,  
 Their fame still breathing, tho' their death be past,  
 For those old *suitors* lived beyond their last.

So Julio went to drown,—when life was dull,  
 But took his corks, and merely had a bath;  
 And once, he pull'd a trigger at his skull,  
 But merely broke a window in his wrath.  
 And once, his hopeless being to annul,  
 He tied a pack-thread to a beam of bath—  
 A line so ample, 'twas a query whether  
 'Twas meant to be a halter or a tether.

Smile not in scorn, that Julio did not thrust  
His sorrows through—the horrible to do,  
And come down with our little all of dust,  
That Dun not all the duns to satisfy;  
To leave life's pleasant city as we must,  
In Death's most dreary apartment home to lie,  
Where even all our perennials must go  
To pay the debt of Nature that we owe.

So Julio lived—'twas nothing but a pet  
He took at life—a momentary spite;  
Besides, he hoped that Time would some day get  
The better of Love's flame, however bright,  
A thing that Time has never compass'd yet,  
For Love, we know, is an immortal light;  
Like that old fire, that, quite beyond a doubt,  
Was always in,—for none have found it out.

Meanwhile, Bianca dream'd—'twas free when Night  
Along the darkness'd path began to creep,  
Like a young Hatter-tot, whose eyes were bright  
As tho' in skin as moist as a weep,  
The glow'ns had shut their eyes—the night-light  
Was gone, for it had rock'd the leaves to sleep,  
And all the little birds had laid their heads  
Upon their wings—sleeping on nature's bed.







Lone in her chamber sate the dark-eyed maid,  
 By easy stages jaunting through her prayer,  
 But list'ning side long to a serenade,  
 That robb'd the saints a little of their shares ;  
 For Julio underneath the lattice play'd  
 His *Deh Vieni*, and such amorous airs,  
 Born only underneath Italian skies,  
 Where every fiddle has a Bridge of Sighs.

Sweet was the tune—the words were even sweeter—  
 Praising her eyes, her lips, her nose, her hair,  
 With all the common tropes wherewith in metre  
 The hackney poets "overcharge their fair."  
 Her shape was like Diana's, but completer ;  
 Her brow with Grecian Helen's might compare  
 Cupid, alas I was cruel Sagittarius,  
 Julio—the weeping water-man Aquarius.

Now, after listing to such laudings rare,  
 'Twas very natural indeed to go—  
 What if she did postpone one little prayer—  
 To ask her mirror "if it was not so?"  
 'Twas a large mirror, none the worse for wear,  
 Reflecting her at once from top to toe ;  
 And there she gazed upon that glossy track  
 That show'd her front face through it "gave her back."

And long her lovely eyes were held in trance,

By that dear page where first the waning moon  
That Juba was no flatterer, none at all,

She told herself—and then she told her beads,  
Meanwhile, the nerves insensibly let fall

Two curtains fairer than the lily breeds,  
For sleep had crept and kiss'd her unaware,  
Just at the half-way milestone of her prayer.

Then like a drooping rose so bened she,

Till her bow'd head up on her hand repos'd,  
But still she plainly saw, or seem'd to see,

That fair reflection, tho' her eyes were closed,  
A beauty bright as it was wont to be,

A portrait Fancy painted while she slept;  
'Tis very natural, some people say,  
To dream of what we dwell on in the day.

Still shone her face—yet not, alas! the same,

But ~~gan~~ some dreary touches to assume,  
And ~~had~~ her thought, with ~~her~~ changed countenance—

Her eyes resign'd their light, her lips their bloom,  
Her teeth fell out, her tresses ~~del~~ the same,

Her cheeks were tinged with pale, her eyes with gloom,  
There was a throbbing at her heart's centre,  
For, oh! there was a shooting in her thigh.

And lo! upon her sad deponding brow,

The cruel trenches of besieging age,  
With seams, but most unseemly, 'gan to show

Her place was booking for the seventh stage—  
And where her raven tresses used to flow,

Some lock that Time had left her in his rage,  
And some mock ringlets, made her forehead shady,  
A compound (like our Psalms) of *Tide* and *Braidy*.

Then for her shape—alas! how Saturn wrecks,

And bends, and cork crews all the frame about,  
Doubles the hump, and crooks the straightest neck.

Draws in the nape, and pushes forth the snout,  
Makes backs and stomachs concave or convex:

Witness those pensioners call'd *In and Out*,  
Who all day watching first and second rater,  
Quaintly unbend themselves—but grow no straighter.

So Time with fair Bianca dealt, and made

Her shape a bow, that once was like an arrow,  
His iron hand upon her spine he laid,

And twisted all awry her “winsome marrow.”  
In truth it was a change!—she hadoley'd

The holy Pope before her chest grew narrow.  
But spectacles and palsy seem'd to make her  
Something between a *Glasgow* and a *Quaker*.

Her grief and gall meanwhile were quite extreme,  
And she had ample reason for her trouble,  
For what sad maiden can endure to see  
Set in for singleness, through growing dislike,  
The fancy madden'd her; but now the dream,  
Grown thin by getting sicker, like a bubble,  
Burst,—but still left some fragments of its size,  
That like the soap-buds, smarted in her eyes.

And here—just here—as she began to heed  
The real world, her clock chimed out its score,  
A clock it was of the Venetian breed,  
That cried the hour from one to twenty-four,  
The work moreover standing in some need  
Of workmanship, it struck her the dozen more,  
A warning voice that clenched Bianca's fears,  
Such strokes referring doubtless to her years.

At fifteen chimes she was but half a run,  
By twenty she had quite renounced the veil,  
She thought of John just at twenty-one,  
And thirty made her very bad and pale,  
To faint that run where her dream would run,  
At forty all the mood began to fail,  
And thought ran higher, as the late dream could see,  
Of single boundlessness, love, single-God.



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And so Bianca changed ; the next sweet even,  
 With Julio in a black Venetian bark,  
 Row'd slow and stealthily — the hour, eleven,  
 Just sounding from the tower of old St. Mark  
 She sate with eyes turn'd quietly to heav'n,  
 Perchance rejoicing in the grateful dark  
 That veil'd her blushing cheek, — for Julio had let her  
 Of course, to break the ice upon the water.

But what a puzzle is one's serious mind  
 To open ; — oysters, when the ice is thick,  
 Are not so difficult and disinclined ;  
 And Julio felt the declaration stick  
 About his throat in a most awful kind .  
 However, he contrived by bits to pick  
 His trouble forth, — much like a rotten cork  
 Groped from a long-neck'd bottle with a fork

But love is still the quickest of all readers .  
 And Julio spent besides those signs profane,  
 That English telegraphs and foreign pleaders,  
 In help of language are so apt to use : —  
 Arms, shoulders, fingers, all were interceders,  
 Nods, shrugs, and bends, — Bianca could not choose  
 But soften to his suit with more facility,  
 He told his story with so much agility.

“Be thou my park, and I will be thy deer;  
 (So he began at last to speak or quote);  
 “Be thou my bark, and I thy gondolier,  
 (For passion takes this figurative note);  
 “Be thou my light, and I thy candle-liver;  
 Be thou my dove, and I will be thy eater;  
 My fly be, and I will be thy river;  
 Be thou my life—and I will be thy liver.”

This, with more tender lure of the kind,  
 He pour'd into her small and peach-like ear,  
 That timidly against his lips inclined;  
 Meanwhile her eyes glanced on the ever sphere  
 That even now began to steal behind  
 A dewy vapour, which was hovering nigh,  
 Wherein the dull moon crept all dim and pale  
 Just like a virgin putting on the veil:—

Bidding adieu to all her sparkling stars,  
 That erst had woo'd and worshipp'd in her path,  
 Saturn and Hesperus, and planet Mars—  
 Never to flirt with heavenly eyes again.  
 Meanwhile, reminding her the covert hour,  
 Bianca did not watch those signs to Venus,  
 But turn'd to Julo at the dark eclipse,  
 With words, like verbal kisses, on her lips.

He took the hint full speedily, and lack'd  
 By love, and night, and the occasion's rectitude,  
 Bestow'd a something on her cheek that smacked  
 (Though quite in silence) of ambrosial sweetness  
 That made her think all other kisses lack'd  
 Till then, but what she knew not, of completeness  
 Being used but sisterly salutes to feel,  
 Insipid things—like sandwiches of veal.

He took her hand, and soon she felt him wring  
 The pretty fingers all instead of one ;  
 Anon his stealthy arm began to cling  
 About her waist that had been clasp'd by none ;  
 Their dear confessions I forbear to sing,  
 Since cold description would but be outrun ;  
 For bliss and Irish watches have the power,  
 In twenty minutes, to lose half an hour '.





## Ode to RAC WILSON, Esq.



WANDLER, Wilson, from my native land,  
Peruse, O Rac, from godliness and thee,  
Where rolls between us the eternal sea,  
To render some furlong of a foreign land—

Beyond the broadest Scotch of L. and N. Wal,  
Beyond the loudest Saint that has a call;  
Across the wavy waste between us stretch'd,  
A friendly missive warns me of a structure,  
Wherein my likeness you have daintily etch'd,  
And though I have not seen the shadow sketch'd,  
Thus I remark prophetic of the picture.

I guess the features:—in a hint to point  
Their moral ugliness, I'm not a saint  
Not one of those self-constituted saints,  
Quakers—not phytolaters—in the care of souls,  
Censors who send out mortal talents,  
And call the devil over his own walls—

These pseudo Privy Counsellors of God,  
Who write down judgment with a pen hardened  
Ushers of Beelzebub's Black Rod,  
Commending sinners, not to ice thick rob'd,  
But endless flames, to scorch them up like flax—  
Yet sure of heav'n themselves, as if they'd caught  
Th' impression of St. Peter's keys in wax!

Of such a character no single trace  
Exist, I know, in my fictitious face;  
There wants a certain cant about the eye,  
A certain lifting of the nose's tip;  
A certain curling of the nether lip,  
In scorn of all that is, beneath the sky.  
In brief it is an aspect deleterious,  
A face decidedly not serious,  
A face profane, that would not do at all  
To make a face at Exeter Hall, —  
That Hall where bigots rant, and cant, and pray,  
And laud each other face to face,  
Till ev'ry farthing-candle ray  
Conceives itself a great gas-light of grace.

Well! — be the graceless lineaments confest!  
I do enjoy this bounteous beauteous earth;  
And dote upon a jest

Within the limits of becoming mirth—  
 Nor solemn sanctimonious face I pull,  
 Nor think I'm pious when I'm only silly—  
 Nor study in my sanctimonious rill  
 To frame a Sabbath Bill or frame a Bill.  
 I pray for grace—repent each sinful act—  
 Peruse, but underneath the robe, my Bible,  
 And love my neighbour far too well, in fact,  
 To call and twit him with a godly tract  
 That's turn'd by application to a libel.  
 My heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven,  
 All creeds I view with toleration thorough,  
 And have a horror of regarding heaven  
 As anybody's rotten borough.

What else? no part I take in party fray,  
 With tropes from Balaam's song when he  
 tartars,  
 I fear no Pope—and let great Ernest play  
 At Fox and George with Fox's Martyr!  
 I own I laugh at ever righteous men,  
 I own I shake my sides at ranters,  
 And treat them as Abimelech with wicked ladies;  
 I even own, that there are times—let them  
 be when I've got my wine—I say down casters!

I've no ambition to enact the spy  
On fellow souls, a Spiritual Pry—  
'Tis said that people ought to guard their nose,  
Who thrust them into matters none of theirs ;  
And tho' no delicacy discomposes  
Your Saint, yet I consider faith and pray'rs  
Amongst the privatest of men's affairs.

I do not hash the Gospel in my books,  
And thus upon the public mind intrude it,  
As if I thought, like Otaheitan cooks,  
No food was fit to eat till I had chew'd it.  
On Bible stilts I don't affect to stalk ;  
Nor lard with Scripture my familiar talk,—  
For man may pious texts repeat,  
And yet religion have no inward seat ;  
'Tis not so plain as the old Hill of Howth,  
A man has got his belly full of meat  
Because he talks with victuals in his mouth !  
Mere verbiage, — it is not worth a carrot !  
Why, Socrates—or Plato—where's the odds ?—  
Once taught a jay to supplicate the Gods,  
And made a Polly-theist of a Parrot !

A mere professor, spite of all his cant, is  
Not a whit better than a Mantis, —



An insect, of what clime I can't determine,  
That lifts its paws most parson like, and thence  
By simple savaire—thru' sheer pretence—  
To reckon'd quite a saint among the vermin.

But where's the reverence, or where the need,  
To ride on one's religion thro' the hobby,  
Whether a stalking-horse or hobby,  
To show its pious paces to "the House?"

I honestly confess that I would hinder  
The Scottish member's legislative rig,  
That spiritual Pinder,  
Who looks on erring souls as straying pigs,  
That must be lash'd by law, wherever found,  
And driven to church, as to the parish pound.  
I do confess, without reserve or wheedle,  
I view that growelling idea as one  
Worthy some parish clerk's ambition—  
A charity boy, who longs to be a beadle.

On such a vital topic sure 'tis odd  
How much a man can differ from his neighbour:  
One wishes worship freely given to God,  
Another wants to make it statute law—

The broad distinction in a line to draw,  
As means to lead us to the skies above,  
You say—Sir Andrew and his love of law,  
And I—the Saviour with his law of love.

Spontaneously to God should tend the soul,  
Like the magnetic needle to the Pole ;  
But what were that intrinsic virtue worth,  
Suppose some fellow, with more zeal than knowledge,  
Fresh from St. Andrew's College,  
Should nail the conscious needle to the north ?

I do confess that I abhor and shrink  
From schemes, with a religious willy-nilly,  
That frown upon St. Giles's sins, but blink  
The peccadilloes of all Piccadilly—  
My soul revolts at such a bare hypocrisy,  
And will not, dare not, fancy in accord  
The Lord of Hosts with an Exclusive Lord  
Of this world's aristocracy.  
It will not own a notion so unholy,  
As thinking that the rich by easy trips  
May go to heav'n, whereas the poor and lowly  
Must work their passage as they do in ships.

One place there is—beneath the burial sod  
Where all mankind are equalised by death;  
Another place there is—the Fate of God,  
Where all are equal, who draw living breath;  
Juggle who will *cheer here* with his own soul,  
Playing the Judas with a temporal dole—  
He who can come beneath that awful cope,  
In the dread presence of a Maker just,  
Who metes to ev'ry pinch of human dust  
One even measure of immortal hope—  
He who can stand within that holy door,  
With soul unbow'd by that pure spirit-level,  
And frame unequal laws for rich and poor, —  
Might sit for Hell and represent the Devil!

Such are the solemn sentiments, O Rae,  
In your last Journey-Work, perchance you raved,  
Seeming, but in more courtly terms, to say  
I'm but a heedless, creedless, godless savage;  
A very Gay, deserving fire and faggots, —  
A Scuffer, always on the grin,  
And sadly given to the mortal sin  
Of liking Maww-*rm* less than merry maggot!

The humble records of my life to search,  
I have not herded with mere pig-in-beast.





But sometimes I have "sat at good men's feasts,"  
And I have been "where bells have knoll'd to  
church."

Dear bells! how sweet the sounds of village  
bells

When on the undulating air they swim!  
Now loud as welcomes! faint, now, as farewells!  
And trembling all about the breezy dells  
As flutter'd by the wings of Cherubim.  
Meanwhile the bees are chanting a low hymn;  
And lost to sight th' ecstatic lark above  
Sings, like a soul beatified, of love,—

With, now and then, the coo of the wild pigeon;—  
O Pagans, Heathens, Infidels and Deubters!  
If such sweet sounds can't woo you to religion,  
Will the harsh voices of church cads and touters?

A man may cry "Church! Church!" at ev'ry  
word,

With no more piety than other people—  
A daw's not reckon'd a religious bird  
Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple.  
The Temple is a good, a holy place,  
But quacking only gives it an ill savour;  
While saintly mountebanks the porch disgrace,  
And bring religion's self into disfavour!

Behold yon servitor of God and Mammon,  
 Who, binding up his Bible with his Ledger,  
     Blends Gospel texts with trading gammon,  
 A black leg saint, a spiritual hedger,  
 Who backs his rigid Sabbath, so to speak,  
 Against the wicked remnant of the week,  
 A saving bet against his sinful lia—  
 "Rogue that I am," he whispers to himself,  
 "I lie—I cheat—do anything for pelf,  
 But who on earth can say I am not pious?"

In proof how over-righteouness reacts,  
 Accept an anecdote well based on facts.  
 One Sunday morning—(at the day don't fret)—  
 In riding with a friend to Pinder's End  
 Outside the stage, we happen'd to commend  
 A certain mansion that we saw 'To Let'  
 "Ay," cried our coachman, with our talk to grapple—  
 "You're right! no house along the road comes nigh  
     it!"  
 'Twas built by the same man as built you chapel,  
     And matter wanted once to buy it,—  
 But t'other driv the bargain much too hard—  
     He ax'd sure ly a sum prodigious!  
 But I'm no particular religious,  
 Why, *that*, you see, put matter on his guard!

Church is "a little heav'n below,  
 I have been there and still would go,"—  
 Yet I am none of those who think it odd  
 A man can pray unbidden from the cassock,  
 And, passing by the customary hassuck,  
 Kneel down remote upon the simple sod,  
 And sue *in forma pauperis* to God.

As for the rest, intolerant to none,  
 Whatever shape the pious rite may bear,  
 Ev'n the poor Pagan's homage to the Sun  
 I would not harshly scorn, lest even there  
 I spurn'd some elements of Christian pray'r—  
 An aim, tho' erring, at a "world ayent"—

Acknowledgment of good—of man's futility;  
 A sense of need, and weakness, and indeed  
 That very thing so many Christians want—

Humility.

Such, unto Papists, Jews, or turban'd Turks,  
 Such is my spirit—I don't mean my wrath!  
 Such, may it please you, is my humble faith—  
 I know, full well, you do not like my *works*!  
 I have not sought, 'tis true, the Holy Land,  
 As full of texts as Cuddie Headrigg's mother,  
 The Bible in one hand,



And my own common-place-book in the other  
But you have been to Palestine—alas !  
Some minds improve by travel, others, rather,  
    Resemble copper wire, or brass,  
Which gets the narrower by going farther !  
Worthless are all such pilgrimages—very !  
If Palmers at the Holy Tomb contrive  
The human heats and rancour to revive  
That at the Sepulchre they ought to bury,  
A sorry sight it is to rest the eye on,  
To see a Christian creature graze at Sion,  
Then homeward, of the saintly pasture full,  
Rush bellowing, and breathing fire and smoke,  
At crippled Papistry to butt and poke,  
Exactly as a skittish Scottish bull  
Hunts an old woman in a scarlet cloak !

Why leave a serious, moral, pious home,  
Scotland, renown'd for sanctity of old,  
Far distant Catholies to rate and scold  
For—doing as the Romans do at Rome ?  
With such a bristling spirit wherefore quit  
The Land of Cakes for any land of wafers,  
About the graceless images to flit,  
And buzz and chafe importunate as chafers.

Longing to carve the carvers to Scotch collapse?  
 People who hold such absolute opinions  
 Should stay at home, in Protestant dominion,  
 Not travel like male Mrs. Trollopes.

Gifted with noble tendency to climb,  
 Yet weak at the same time,  
 Faith is a kind of parasitic plant,  
 That grasps the nearest stem with tendril-rings;  
 And as the climate and the soil may grant,  
 So is the sort of tree to which it clings.  
 Consider then, before, like Hurlothrumbo,  
 You aim your club at any creed on earth,  
 That, by the simple accident of birth,  
 You might have been High Priest to Mumbo Jumbo.

For me—thro' heathen ignorance perchance,  
 Nor having knelt in Palestine,—I feel  
 None of that griffinish excess of zeal,  
 Some travellers would blaze with here in France.  
 Dolls I can see in Virgin-like array,  
 Nor for a scuffle with the idols hanker  
 Like crazy Quixote at the puppets' play.  
 If their "offence be rank," should mine be *ranker* ?  
 Mild light, and by degrees, should be the plan

To cure the dark and erring mind,  
 But who would rush at a hound-tel man,  
 And give him two black eyes for being blind?

Suppose the tender but luxuriant hop  
 Around a canker'd stem should twine,  
 What Kentish Fox would tear away the prop  
 So roughly as to wound, nay, kill the vine?  
 The images, 'tis true, are strangely dress'd,  
 With gauds and toys extremely out of season,  
 The carving nothing of the very best,  
 The whole repugnant to the eye of reason,  
 Shocking to taste, and to Fine Arts a treason—  
 Yet ne'er overlook in history of sect  
 One truly *Catholic*, one common form,  
     At which uncheck'd  
 All Christian hearts may kneel or keep warm.

Say, was it to my spirit's gain or loss,  
 One bright and balmy morning, as I went  
 From Liege's lovely environs to Ghent  
 If hardly by the wayside I found a cross,  
 That made me breathe a prayer up to the spire—  
 While Nature of herself, as if to prove  
 The emblem's use, had trail'd around its base  
 The blue significant flower of rest?









Methought, the claims of Charity to urge  
 More forcibly, along with Faith and Hope,  
 The pious choice had pitch'd upon the verge  
     Of a delicious slope,  
 Giving the eye much varied scope ;—  
 “ Look round,” it whisper'd, “ on that prospect rare,  
 Those vales so verdant, and those hills so blue ;  
 Enjoy the sunny world, so fresh, and fair,  
 But ”—(how the simple legend pierced me thro' !)  
     “ PRIEZ POUR LES MALHEUREUX.”

With sweet kind natures, all in honey'd cells,  
 Religion lives, and feels her self at home ;  
 But only on a formal visit dwells  
 Where wasps instead of bees have formed the comb.  
 Shun pride, O Rae !—whatever sort beside  
 You take in lieu, shun spiritual pride !  
 A pride there is of rank—a pride of birth,  
 A pride of learning, and a pride of purse,  
 A London pride—in short, there be on earth  
 A host of prides, some better and some worse ;  
 But of all prides, since Lucifer's attain,  
 The proudest swells a self-elected Saint.

To picture that cold pride so harsh and hard,  
 Fancy a peacock in a poultry yard.



Behold him in conceited circles move,  
 Strutting and dancing, and now planted still,  
 In all his pomp of paratry, as if  
 He felt "the eyes of Europe" on his tail!  
 Alas for the humble bird retained by man,  
     He scorned the whole domestic crew--  
     He bows, he bristles,  
     He wheels, he milks,  
 At last, with stately dodging in a corner  
 He gets a single ruffled hen, to scorn her  
 Full in the glare of his resplendent fan!  
     "Look here," he cries (to give him words),  
     "Thou feather'd clay—thou germ of bird!"  
 Flirting the rattling plumage in her eyes,  
     Look here, thou vile predestin'd wren,  
     Doomed to be roasted for a dinner,  
 Behold these lovely variegated dyest  
 These are the rainbow colours of the skies—  
 That Heav'n has shed upon me, as on thee—  
 A Bird of Paradise!—a pretty story!  
 I am that Sassy Pewee, thou paltry chick!  
     Look at my crown of glory!  
 Then, *cluck*, *cluck*, *cluck*, *cluck*, *cluck*, *cluck*!  
 And off goes Parrot, wriggling from a kick,  
 With his bill, scalp laid open by his bill!  
 That little smile exactly parrot!

How sinners are despised by saints,  
 By saints!—the Hypocrites that ope heav'n's door  
 Obsequious to the sinful man of rche—  
 But put the wicked, naked, barelegg'd poor,  
     In parish stocks instead of breeches.

The Saints!—the Bigots that in pulpit spout,  
 Spread phosphorus of zeal on scraps of fustian,  
 And go like walking "Lucifer" about  
     Mere living bundles of combustion.

The Saints!—the aping Fanatics that talk  
 All cant and rant, and rhapsodies highflown  
     That bid you baulk  
     A Sunday walk,  
 And shun God's work as you should shun your own

The Saints!—the Formalists, the extra pious,  
 Who think the mortal husk can save the soul,  
 By trundling with a mere mechanic bias,  
 To church, just like a lignum-vitæ bowl!

The Saints!—the Pharisees, whose beadle stands  
 Beside a stern coercive kirk,  
     A piece of human mason-work,

Calling all sermons contrabands,  
 In that great Temple that's not made with hands,  
 Thrice blessed, rather, is the man, with whom  
 The gracious prodigality of nature,  
 The balm, the bliss, the beauty, and the bloom,  
 The bounteous providence in ev'ry feature,  
 Recall the good Creator to his creature,  
 Making all earth a fane, all heav'n his dome !  
 To his tuned spirit the wild heather-bells

Ring Sabbath knells ;

The jubilate of the soaring lark

Is chant of clerk ;

For choir, the thrush and the gregarious linnet .

The bed's a cushion for his pious want

And, consecrated by the heav'n within it,

The sky-blue pool, a font.

Each clump capp'd mountain is a holy altar

An organ breathes in every grove

And the full heart's a Psalter,

Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love !

Sufficiently by stern necessitarians

Poor Nature, with her face begrimed by dust

Is stoked, coked, smoked, and almost choked . Yet must

Religion have its own Utilitarians,

Labell'd with evangelical phylacteries,

To make the road to heav'n a railway trust,  
And churches—that's the naked fact—mere factures!

Oh! simply open wide the Temple door,  
And let the solemn, swelling, organ greet,  
    With *Voluntaries* meet,  
The willing advent of the rich and poor!  
And while to God the loud Hosannas soar,  
With rich vibrations from the vocal throng—  
From quiet shades that to the woods belong,  
    And brooks with music of their own,  
Voices may come to swell the choral song  
With notes of praise they learn'd in music's land.

How strange it is while on all vital questions,  
That occupy the House and public mind,  
We always meet with some humane suggestions  
Of gentle measures of a healing kind,  
Instead of harsh severity and vigour,  
The Saint alone his preference retains  
    For bills of penalties and pains,  
And marks his narrow code with legal rigour!  
Why shun, as worthless of affiliation,  
What men of all political persuasion  
Extol—and even use upon occasion—  
That Christian principle, Conciliation?

But possibly the men who make such fuss  
With Sunday pipping and old Trots infirm,  
Attach some other meaning to the term,  
As thus:

One market morning, in my usual ramble,  
Passing along Whitechapel's ancient shambles,  
Where meat was hung in many a joint and quarter,  
I had to halt awhile, like other folk,  
To let a killing butcher drive  
A score of lambs and fatted sheep to slaughter.

A sturdy man he look'd to feel an ox,  
Bull-fronted, ruddy, with a formal streak  
Of well-greased hair down either cheek,  
As if he dee-dash-dee'd some other flock  
Besides these woolly-headed stubborn blacks  
That stood before him, in vexation bred—  
Poor little lambs, with bleating well-enough,  
While, now and then, a thirsty creature stop'd  
And meekly snuff'd, but did not take the public

Fierce lark'd the dog, and many a blow was dealt,  
That him, and chump, and scrag, and scragger felt.  
Yet still, that fatal step they all declined it—

And shunn'd the tainted door as if they smelt  
 Onions, mint sauce, and lemon juice behind it.  
 At last there came a pause of brutal force,  
     The cur was silent, for his jaws were full  
     Of tangled locks of tarry wool,  
 The man had whoop'd and holl'd till deaf hoarse  
 The time was ripe for mild expostulation,  
 And thus it stammer'd from a stander-by—  
 “Zounds! my good fellow, it quite makes me  
     why,  
 It really—my dear fellow—do just try  
     Conciliation!”

    Striking his nerves like flint,  
 The sturdy butcher seized upon the hint,—  
 At least he seized upon the foremost wether,—  
 And hugg'd and lugg'd and tugg'd him neck and crop  
 Just *notens v' lous* thro' the open sheep—  
 If tails come off he didn't care a feather,—  
 Then walking to the door and smiling grim,  
 He rubb'd his forehead and his sleeve together  
     “ There!—I've conciliated him!”  
 Again—good humouredly to end our quarrel—  
     (Good humour should prevail!)—  
     I'll fit you with a tale,  
     Whereto is tied a moral.

Once in a time a certain English lass  
Was seized with symptoms of such deep distress:  
Cough, hoarse flushes, eyes red and sore,  
That, as their worst is at such desperate pass,  
The Doctors gave her over—to an ass.  
Accordingly, the goodly Shute to him  
Each morn the patient quaffed a frothy bowl  
Of welcome new milk,  
Ribbing a shaggy suckling of a foal  
Which got proportionally spare and skinny—  
Meanwhile the neighbour cried ‘Poor Mary  
Ann!  
She can’t get over it! she never can!’  
When lo! to prove each prophet was a ninny,  
The one that died was the poor wetnurse Jerry.

To aggravate the case,  
There were but two grown donkeys in the place;  
And most unluckily for Eve’s maid daughter,  
The other long-eared creature was a male,  
Who never in his life had given a pull  
Of milk, or even cold and water.  
No matter: at the usual hour of eight  
Down trots a donkey to the wicket gate,  
With Mister Simon Golden on its back,—  
Your servant, Mum—a weary spring the day,

Bad time for hasses tho ! good lack ! good lack !  
Jenny be dead, Miss, —but I'ze brought ye Jack,  
He doesn't give no milk —but he can bray."

So runs the story,  
And, in vain self glory,  
Some Saints would sneer at Gulbins for his blindness —  
But what the better are their pious saws  
To ailing souls, than dry hee haws,  
Without the milk of human kindness ?







## Ode to the Moon.

**M**OTHER of light! how fairly dost thou go  
Over those hoary crests, divinely led!—  
Art thou that huntress of the silver bow,  
Fabled of old? Or rather dost thou tread  
Those cloudy summits thence to gaze below,  
Like the wild Chamois from her Alpine snow,  
Where hunter never climb'd, secure from dread?  
How many antique fancies have I read  
Of that mild presence! and how many wrought!  
    Wondrous and bright,  
    Upon the silver light,  
Chasing fair figures with the artist, 'Thought'!

What art thou like?— Sometimes I see thee ride  
A far bound galley on its perilous way,  
Whilst breezy waves toss up their silvery spray.  
    Sometimes behold thee glide,





Cluster'd by all thy family of stars,  
Like a lone widow, through the welkin wile,  
Whose pallid cheek the midnight sorrow mars;  
Sometimes I watch thee on from steep to steep,  
Timidly lighted by thy vestal torch,  
Till in some Latmian cave I see thee creep,  
To catch the young Endymion asleep,—  
Leaving thy splendour at the jagged porch!

Oh, thou art beautiful, howe'er it be!  
Huntress, or Dian, or whatever named;  
And he, the veriest Pagan, that first framed  
A silver idol, and ne'er worshipp'd thee!  
It is too late—or thou should'st have my knee—  
Too late now for the old Ephesian vows,  
And not divine the crescent on thy brows!  
Yet, call thee nothing but the more mild Moon,

    Behind those chestnut boughs,  
Casting their dappled shadows at my feet;  
I will be grateful for that simple boon,  
In many a thoughtful verse and anthem sweet,  
And bless thy dainty face whene'er we meet.

In nights far gone,—ay, far away and dead,—  
Before Care-fretted, with a lidless eye,—  
I was thy wooer on my little bed.

Letting the early hours of rest go by,  
 To see thee flood the heaven with milky light,  
 And feed thy snow-white swans, before I slept,  
 For thou wert then purveyor of my dreams,—  
 Then wert the fairies' armourer, that kept  
 Their burnish'd helmets, and crowns, and crests bright,  
 Their spears, and glittering mails;  
 And ever thou didst spill in wining streams  
 Sparkles and midnight gleams,  
 For fishing to noon-gleams their argent scales!

Why sighs?—why creeping tears?—why clasp'd hand?—  
 Is it to count the boy's expended dow'r?  
 That fairies' magic have broke their gifted wand?  
 That young Delight, like any verblown flow'r,  
 Gave, one by one, its sweet leaves to the ground?—  
 Why then, fair Moon, for all thou mark'st my loss,  
 Thou art a sadder dial to old Time  
 Than ever I have found  
 On sunny garden-plot, or moss-crown'd tow'r,  
 Mott'd with stern and melancholy rhyme.

Why should I grieve for this?—Oh I must yearn  
 Whilst Time, conspirator with Memory,  
 Keeps his cold ashes in an ancient urn,  
 Richly embos'd with childhood's revelry

With leaves and cluster'd fruits, and flowers eterne,  
(Eternal to the world, though not to me),  
Aye there will those brave sports and blossoms be,  
The deathless wreath, and undecay'd festoon.

When I am hearsed within,  
Less than the pallid primrose to the Moon,  
Thou'lt now be watch'd through a vapour thin.

So let it be : — Before I lived to sigh,  
Thou wert in Avon, and a thousand rills,  
Beautiful Orb ! and so, where'er I lie  
Tradden, thou wilt be gazing from thy hills.  
Be it thy loving light, where'er it spill,  
And blest thy fair face, O mother mild !  
Still shine, the soul of rivers as they run,  
Still lend thy lonely lamp to lovers fond,  
And blend their plighted shadows into one : —  
Still smile at even on the bedded child,  
And close his eyelids with thy silver wand !





To . . . . .

WITH A FLASK OF RHINE WATER



THE old Catholic City was still,  
In the Minster the vesper were sung,  
And, re-echoed in cadences shrill,  
The last call of the trumpet had rung.  
While, across the broad stream of the Rhine  
The full Moon cast a silvery zone;  
And methought, as I gazed on its shine,  
" Surely that is the Fain de Cologne,"  
I inquired not the place of its source,  
If it ran to the east or the west;  
But my heart took a note of its course,  
That it flow'd towards Her I love best—  
That it flow'd towards Her I love best,  
Like the wandering thoughts of my own,  
And the fancy such sweetness possess'd,  
That the Rhine seem'd all Fain de Cologne!









## The Two Peacocks of Bedford.

**W**ELAS ! That breathing Vanity should go  
Where Pride is buried,—like its very ghost,  
Uprisen from the naked bones below,  
In novel flesh, clad in the silent boast  
Of gaudy silk that flutters to and fro,  
Shedding its chilling superstition most  
On young and ignorant natures—as it wont  
To haunt the peaceful churchyard of Bedford !

Each Sabbath morning, at the hour of prayer,  
Behold two maidens, up the quiet green  
Shining far distant, in the summer air  
That flaunts their dewy robes and breathes between  
Their downy plumes,—sailing as if they were  
Two far-off ships,—until they brush between  
The churchyard's humble walls, and watch and wait  
On either side of the wide open'd gate.

And there they stand!—with haughty necks before  
 God's holy house, that points towards the sky—  
 Frowning reluctant duty from the poor,  
 And tempting homage from unthankful eyes:  
 And Youth looks lingering from the temple door,  
 Breathing its wishes in unfruitful sighs,  
 With pouting lips,—forgetful of the grace,  
 Of health, and smiles, on the heart-conquering face—

Because that Wealth, which has no life beside,  
 May wear the happiness of rich attire;  
 And those two sisters, in their silly pride,  
 May change the soul's warm glances for the fire  
 Of lifeless diamonds;—and for health denied,—  
 With art, that blushes at itself, inspire  
 Their languid cheeks—and flourish in a glory  
 That has no life in life, nor after-story.

The aged priest goes shaking his gray hair  
 In meekest censuring, and turns his eyes  
 Earthward in grief, and heavenward in prayer:  
 And sighs, and claps his hand, and pines for  
 Good-hearted men! what sinner could would wear  
 Thy sorrow for a garb, and constantly  
 Put on thy censure, that might win the power  
 Of one to *live* in goodness and in duty?

Also the solemn clerk partake the shame  
 Of this ungodly shine of human pride,  
 And sadly blends his reverence and blame  
 In one grave bow, and passes with a stride  
 Impatient :—many a red-hooded dame  
 Turns her pain'd head, but not her glance, aside  
 From wanton dress, and marvels o'er again,  
 That heaven hath no wet judgments for the vain.

" I have a lily in the bloom at home,"  
 Quoth one, " and by the blessed Sabbath day  
 I'll pluck my lily in its pride, and come  
 And read a lesson upon vain array :—  
 And when stiff silks are rustling up, and some  
 Give place, I'll shake it in proud eyes and say—  
 Making my reverence,— ' Ladies, an you please  
 King Solomon's not half so fine as the e.' "

Then her meek partner, who has nearly run  
 His earthly course,—" Nay, Goody, let your text  
 Grow in the garden. —We have only one—  
 Who knows that these dim eyes may see the next?  
 Summer will come again, and summer sun,  
 And lilies too,—but I were sorely vext  
 To mar my garden, and cut short the blow  
 Of the last lily I may live to grow."

"The last!" quoth he, "and though the last it were—  
 Lo! those two want me, where they stand so proud  
 With waving plumes, and jewels in their hair,  
 And painted cheeks, like Darius to be bow'd  
 And curtsy'd to the last Sabbath morn'g pray'r.  
 I heard the little Tomkins ask aloud  
 If they were angel—but I read I m' know  
 God's bright ones better, with a better blow."

So speaking, they parade the pretty wile—  
 That leads to the white porch the Sunday throng,  
 Hand-coupled urchins in restrained talk,  
 And anxious pedagogue that chatters wroth,  
 And pious churchwarden with solemn stalk,  
 And gold-bedizen'd leeches flung along,  
 And gentle peasant clad in lute and gown,  
 Like a neck-cowslip in the spring meadow.

And blushing maiden—maidenly array'd  
 In spotless white,—and all conscious of the gaze—  
 And she, the lonely widow, that hath made  
 A sad covenant with grief,—and  
 She veils her tears under the deep, deep shade—  
 While the poor kindly hearted, as they pass,  
 Bend to unclenched childhood, and curtsy  
 Her boy,—so rory!—and so fatherly!

Thus, as good Christians ought, they all draw near,  
The fair white temple, to the timely call  
Of pleasant bells that tremble in the ear.  
Now the last frock, and scarlet hood, and shawl  
Fade into dusk, in the dim atmosphere  
Of the low porch, and heav'n has won them all,  
— Saving those two, that turn aside and pass,  
In velvet bloom, where all flesh is grass.

Ah me ! to see their silken maners trail'd  
In purple luxuries — with restless gold, —  
Flaunting the grass where widowhood has wail'd  
In blotted black — over the heapy mould  
Panting wave-wantonly ! They never quail'd  
How the warm vanity abhor'd the cold ;  
Nor saw the solemn faces of the gæne  
Sadly uplooking through transparent stone :

But swept their dwellings with unquiet light,  
Shocking the awful presence of the dead ;  
Where gracious natures would their eyes benight  
Nor wear their being with a lip too red,  
Nor move too rudely in the summer bright  
Of sun, but put staid sorrow in their tread,  
Meting it into steps, with inward breath,  
In very pity to bereaved death.

Now in the church, time-wor'd minds reign  
 To solemn pray'r, and the loud chaunted hymn —  
 With glowing picturing of joy, divine  
 Painting the mist light where the roof is dim  
 But youth looks upward to the window shine,  
 Warming with rose and purple and the swan  
 Of gold, as it thought-tinted by the stains  
 Of gorgeous light through many-colour'd panes.

Sailing the virgin snow wherein God hath  
 Enrobed his angels, — and with absent eyes  
 Hearing of Heav'n, and its directed path,  
 Thoughtful of slipper, — and the glorious skin,  
 Clouding with satin, — till the preacher's wrath  
 Consumes his pity, and he glows, and cries  
 With a deep voice that trembles in its might,  
 And earnest eyes grown eloquent in light

“ Oh, that the vacant eye would learn to look  
 On very beauty, and the heart embrace  
 True loveliness, and from the holy book  
 Drink the warm breathing tenderness and grace  
 Of love indeed! — Oh, that the young soul took  
 Its virgin passion from the glorious face  
 Of fair religion, and address'd its strife,  
 To win the riches of eternal life!

“ Doth the vain heart love glory that is none,  
And the poor excellence of vain attire ?  
Oh go, and drown your eye against the sun,  
The visible ruler of the starry quire,  
Till boiling gold in giddy eddies run,  
Dazzling the brain with orbs of living fire,  
And the faint soul down darkens into night,  
And dies a burning martyrdom to light.

“ Oh go, and gaze,—when the low winds of even  
Breathe hymns, and Nature’s many forests nod  
Their gold crown’d heads; and the rich blooms of heaven  
Sun ripen’d give their blushes up to God,  
And mountain rocks and cloudy steep are riv-  
By founts of fire, as smitten by the rod  
Of heavenly Moses,—that your thirsty sense  
May quench its longings of magnificence !

“ Yet suns shall perish—stars shall fade away  
Day into darkness—darkness into death—  
Death into silence ; the warm light of day,  
The blooms of summer, the rich glowing breath  
Of even—all shall wither and decay,  
Like the frail furniture of dreams beneath  
The touch of morn—or bubbles of rich dyes  
That break and vanish in the aching eyes.



They hear, soul blushing, and repentant shoul  
 Unwholesome thoughts in wholesome tears, and pour  
 Their sin to earth,—and with low drooping head!  
 Receive the solemn blessing, and improve  
 Its grace—then soberly with chasten'd tread.  
 They meekly press towards the giddy door,  
 With humbled eyes that go to gaze upon  
 The lowly grass—like him of Babylon.

The lowly grass!—O water-constant mind!  
 Fast ebbing holiness!—soon fading grace  
 Of serious thought, as if the gushing wind  
 Through the low porch had wash'd it from the face.  
 For ever!—How they lift their eyes to find  
 Old vanities!—Pride wins the very place  
 Of meekness, like a bird, and flutters now  
 With idle wings on the curl-conscious brow!

And lo! with eager look they seek the way  
 Of old temptation at the lowly gate;  
 To feast on feathers, and on vain array,  
 And painted cheeks, and the rich glittering state,  
 Or jewel-sprinkled lock.—But where are they?  
 The graceless haughty crew that used to wait  
 With lofty neck, and nose, and rubber'd eye?—  
 None challenge the old homage lending hy.





In vain they look for the ungracious bloom  
Of rich apparel where it glow'd before,  
For Vanity has faded all to gloom,  
And lofty Pride has stiffen'd to the core,  
For impious Life to tremble at its doom,  
Set for a warning token evermore,  
Whereon, as now, the giddy and the wise  
Shall gaze with lifted hands and wond'ring eyes.

The aged priest goes on each Sabbath morn,  
But shakes not sorrow under his grey hair,  
The solemn clerk goes lavender'd and shorn  
Nor stoops his back to the ungodly pair.—  
And ancient lips that pucker'd up in scorn,  
Go smoothly breathing to the house of pray'r  
And in the garden-plot, from day to day,  
The lily blooms its long white life away.

And where two haughty maidens used to be,  
In pride of plume, where plummy Death had tool,  
Trailing their gorgeous velvets wantonly,  
Most unmeet pall, over the holy sod ;—  
There, gentle stranger, thou may'st only see  
Two sombre Peacocks.—Age, with sapient nod  
Marking the spot, still tarries to declare  
How they once lived, and wherefore they are there.



## Ode to Melancholy.



OMF, let us set our careful hearts  
Like Plutus, and not the town,  
To aggravate the inward grief  
That makes her accents all too true.

The world has many cruel points,  
Whereby our humours have been torn,  
And there are dainty thrives of grief  
In sadness to outlast the moon,  
True honour's dearth, a fortune's death,  
Neglectful pride, and lurking scorn,  
With all the pretty tales that may  
Have water'd since the world was born.

The world is but a water-cure,  
Where thou art long in exercise;  
For thus my glossy plumage  
Makes all taints with wind and fire.





Come let us sit and watch the sky,  
And fancy clouds, where no clouds be,  
Grief is enough to blot the eye,  
And make heaven black with misery.

Why should birds sing such merry notes,  
Unless they were more blest than we?  
No sorrow ever chokes their throats,  
Except sweet nightingale; for she  
Was born to pain our hearts the more  
With her sad melody.

Why chides the Sun, except that he  
Makes gloomy nooks for Grief to hide,  
And pensive shades for Melancholy,  
When all the earth is bright beside?  
Let clay wear smiles, and green grass wave,  
Mirth shall not win us back again,  
Whilst man is made of his own grave,  
And fairest clouds but gilded rain!

I saw my mother in her shroud,  
Her cheek was cold and very pale;  
And ever since I've look'd on all  
As creatures doom'd to fail!  
Why do buds open except to die?



Ay, let us watch the roses wither,  
And think of our lover's cheeks;  
And oh! how quickly time is to fly  
To bring death's winter hither!  
Minutes, hours, days, and weeks,  
Months, years, and ages, shrink to naught;  
An age past is but a thought.

Ay, let us think of him awhile  
That, with a coffin for a boat,  
Rows daily o'er the Stygian meat,  
And for our table choose a tomb  
There's dark enough in any skull  
To charge with black a raven plume  
And for the saddest funeral thought  
A winding sheet hath ample room,  
Where Death, with his keen pointed stile  
Hath writ the common doom:  
How wide the yew tree spreads its gloom,  
And o'er the dead lets fall its dew,  
As if in tears it wept for them,  
The many human families  
That sleep around its stem!

How cold the dead have made these flowers,  
With natural drops kept ever wet!

Lo ! here the best — the worst — the world  
 Doth now remember or forget,  
 Are in one common ruin hurl'd,  
 And love and hate are calmly met,  
 The loveliest eyes that ever shone,  
 The fairest hands, and locks of jet,  
 Is't not enough to vex our souls,  
 And fill our eyes, that we have set  
 Our love upon a rose's leaf,  
 Our hearts upon a violet ?  
 Blue eyes, red cheeks, are fairer yet,  
 And sometimes at their swift decay  
 Beforehand we must fret,  
 The rose bud and bloom a gain,  
 But Love may haunt the grave of Love,  
 And watch the mould in vain.

O clasp me, sweet, whilst thou art mine,  
 And do not take my tears amiss ;  
 For tears must flow to wash away  
 A thought that shows so stern as this :  
 Forgive, if sometime I forget,  
 In woe to come, the present bliss ;  
 As frighted Proserpine let fall  
 Her flowers at the sight of Dis —  
 Ev'n so the dark and bright will kiss —

The sweetest things throve stored, *Alas!*  
And there is even a happy story  
That makes the heart glad!

Now let us with a world be glad  
The full earth is made to give us rest;  
Not bright, not bright, but, with a glad  
Lay'd all about her, let her rise—  
All pale and dim, as if from rest  
The light of the late sunset sun  
Had crept into the sky.  
The Moon! Ah! is the source of light,  
The very face to make us glad;  
If light to think in other times  
The same calm quiet look she had,  
As if the world had nothing done  
Of vile and mean, of more and less;  
The same fair light that shows us glory  
The fair lamp that illumined the land;  
For so it is, with sweet delight  
She taunts men's pride, and makes them glad.

All things are touch'd with Malencholy,  
Born of the secret soul's retreat,  
To feel her fair eternal wing  
Weigh'd down with vile degraded dust.

Even the bright extremes of joy  
 Bring on conclusions of disgust,  
 Like the sweet blossoms of the May,  
 Whose fragrance ends in must.  
 O give her, then, her truce just,  
 Her sighs and tears, and musing hours;  
 There is no music in the lute  
 That sounds with idiot laughter and  
 There's not a string attuned to mirth;  
 But has its chord in Melancholy.





## The Compass, with Variations.



ONE close of day—twas in the bay  
Of Naples, bay of glory!  
While light was hanging crowns of gold  
On mountains high and hoary,

A gallant bark got under weigh,  
And with her sails my story.

For Leithorn she was bound direct,  
With wine and oil for cargo,  
Her crew of men some nine or ten.  
The captain's name was Lugo,  
A good and gallant bark she was,  
La Donna called del Lago.

Bronzed mariners were here to view,  
With brown cheeks, clear or muddy,  
Dark, shining eyes, and coal black hair,  
Meet heads for painter's study;



THE  
SAILING  
SHIP



But 'midst their tin there stood one man,  
Whose cheek was fair and ruddy ;

His brow was high, a loftier brow  
Ne'er shone in song or sonnet,  
His hair a little scant, and when  
He doffed his cap or bonnet,  
One saw that Grey had gone beyond  
A premier hip upon it !

His eye—a passenger was he,  
The cabin he had hired it,—  
His eye was grey, and when he look'd  
Around the prospect fired it—  
A fine poetic light, as if  
The Apple Nine inspired it.

His frame was stout, in height about  
Six feet—well made and portly ;  
Of dress and manner just to give  
A sketch, but very shortly,  
His order seemed a composite  
Of rustic with the courtly.

He ate and quaff'd and jested and laughed,  
And chatted with the seamen.



And often talk'd their skill and skill;  
"What weather isn't to be, man?"  
No demonstration there appeared  
That he was any demon.

No sort of sign there was that he  
Could raise a stormy rumpus,  
Like Prospero make breezes blow,  
And rocks and billows thrup up;  
But little we supposed what he  
Could with the needle compass!

Soon came a storm—the sea at first  
Seem'd lying almost flat—  
When he! and clouds were literary data,  
From clouds of black and yellow,  
Came such a gale, as Plover got over  
A century, like the albat!

Our groundsheets we had just put out  
To cover a small anchorage;  
When, quick as flash, all round our sides  
The sky-light-spots a frost came,  
And light on end the table rose!  
Just like the Table Mountain!

Down rush'd the soup, down gush'd the wine,  
Each roll, its role repeating,  
Roll'd down—the round of beef declar'd  
For parting—not for meating!  
Off flew the fowls, and all the game  
Was “too far gone for eating!”

Down knife and fork—down went the pork,  
The lamb too broke its tether;  
Down mustard went—each condiment—  
Salt—pepper—all together!  
Down everything, like craft that seek  
The Downs in stormy weather.

Down plunged the Lady of the Lake,  
Her timbers seemed to sever;  
Down, down, a dreary derry down,  
Such lurch she had gone never;  
She almost seemed about to take  
A bed of down for ever!

Down dropt the captain's nether jaw,  
Thus robb'd of all its uses,  
He thought he saw the Evil One  
Beside Vesuvian sluices,

Plucking at dress for soul and skin,  
And thriving, Sick and *Town*;

Down fell the steward on his face,  
To all the Saints commend me;  
And hands to the Virgin vowed  
As save all, 'gainst his ending;  
Down fell the mate, he thought his fate,  
Check mate, was close impending;

Down fell the cook – the cabin boy  
Their beads with fervour telling,  
While alps of surge, with snowy verge,  
Above the yards came yelling;  
Down fell the crew, and on their knees  
Shudder'd at each white swelling!

Down sank the sun of bloody hue,  
His crimson light a cleaver  
To each red rover of a wave  
To eye of fancy weaver  
Neptune, the God, seemed dawning in  
A raging scarlet fever!

Sore, sore afraid, each papist pray'd  
To Saint and Virgin Mary;

But one there was that stood composed  
Amid the waves' vagary ;  
As staunch as rock, a true game cock  
'Mid chicks of Mother Cary :

His ruddy cheek retain'd its streak,  
No danger seem'd to shrink him :  
His step still bold, — of mortal mould,  
The crew could hardly think him :  
The Lady of the Lake, he seem'd  
To know, could never sink him.

Relax'd at last the furious gale  
Quite out of breath with racing ;  
The boiling flood in milder mood,  
With gentler billows chasing ;  
From stem to stern, with frequent turn,  
The Stranger took to pacing.

And as he walk'd to self he talked,  
Some ancient ditty thrumming,  
In under tone, as not alone —  
Now whistling, and now humming —  
" You're welcome, Charlie," " Cowdenknowes,"  
" Kenmure," or " Campbells' Coming."

Down went the wind, down went the wave,  
 Fear quitted the most finical,  
 The Saints, I wot, were soon forgot,  
 And Hope was at the pinnacle :  
 When rose on high, a frightful cry —  
 " The Devil's in the binnacle ! "

" The Saints be near," the helm-man cried,  
 His voice with quite a falter—  
 " Steady's my helm, but every look  
 The needle seems to alter,  
 God only knows where China lies,  
 Jamaica, or Gibraltar ! "

The captain stared aghast at mate,  
 The pilot at the apprentice,  
 No fancy of the German Sea  
 Of Fiction the event is—  
 But when they at the compass look'd  
 It seem'd non compass mental.

Now north, now south, now east, now west,  
 The wavering point was shak'en,  
 'Twa-part the whole philosophy  
 Of Newton, or of Bacon,

Never by compass, till that hour  
Such latitudes were taken !

With fearful speech, each after each  
Took turns in the inspection ;  
They found no gun—no iron—none  
To vary its direction ;  
It seem'd a new magnetic case  
Of Poles in insurrection !

Farewell to wives, farewell their lives,  
And all their household riches ;  
Oh ! while they thought of girl or boy,  
And dear domestic niches,  
All down the side which holds the heart,  
That needle gave them stitches.

With deep amaze, the Stranger gaz'd  
To see them so white-liver'd  
And walk'd abaft the binnacle,  
To know at what they shiver'd ;  
But when he stood beside the card,  
St. Josef ! how it quiver'd !

No fancy-motion, brain-begot,  
In eye of timid dreamer—

The nervous finger of a wit  
Ne'er show'd a plainer tremor ;  
To every brain it seem'd too plain,  
There stood th' Infernal Schemer !

Mix'd brown and blue each visage grew,  
Just like a pullet's gizzard ;  
Meanwhile the captain's wandering wit,  
From tacking like an lizard,  
Bore down in this plain course at last,  
" It's Michael Scott—the Wizard ! "

A smile past o'er the ruddy face,  
" To see the pole so falter  
I'm puzzled, friends, as much as you,  
For with no fiends I alter !  
Michael I'm not—although a Scott—  
My christian name is Walter."

Like oil it fell, that name, a spell  
On all the fearful faction ;  
The Captain's head (for he had read)  
Conceiv'd the Needle's action,  
And how'd the Harbinger in the North  
Have led his crew an attraction.



## Stanzas to Tom Woodgate, OF HASTINGS.

**T**OM ; are you still within this land  
Or hither still on Hastings' sand,  
Or roaming on the waves ?  
Or has some billow o'er you rolled  
Jealous that earth should lap so bold  
A seaman in her graves ?

On land the rushlight lives of men  
Go out but slowly ; nine in ten,  
By tedious long decline —  
Not so the jolly sailor sinks,  
Who founders in the wave, and drinks  
The apoplectic brine !

Ay, while I write, mayhap your head  
Is sleeping on an oyster bed —  
I hope 'tis far from truth ! —



With periwinkle eyes — your *hairs*  
Beset with muscles, not your *muscles*,  
And corals at your teeth !

Still does the chance pursue the chance  
The main affords, the Aidant dance  
In safety on the tide ?  
Still flies that sign of my goal — low  
A little *lusting* thing — but still  
To thee a flag of pride ?

Does that hard, honest hand now clamp  
The tiller in its careful grasp —  
With every summer breeze  
When ladies sail, in lady fear —  
Or, tug the oar, a gondolier  
On smooth Macadam seas ?

Or are you where the flounders keep,  
Some dozen briny fathoms deep,  
Where sand and shells about —  
With some old Titon on your chest,  
And twelve grave mermaid to a quart,  
To find that you are — dream'd !

Swift is the wave and apt to bring,  
A sudden doom—perchance I sing  
A mere funereal strain ;  
You have endured the utter strife—  
And are—the same in death or life—  
A good man ' in the main ' !

Oh, no—I hope the old brown eye  
Still watches ebb, and flood, and sky ;  
That still the brown old shoes  
Are sucking brine up—pumps indeed !—  
Your tooth still full o' ocean weed,  
Or Indian—which you choose.

I like you, Tom ! and in these lays  
Give honest worth its honest praise,  
No puff at honour's cost :  
For though you met these words of mine,  
All letter-learning was a line  
You, somehow, never cross'd !

Mayhap we ne'er shall meet again,  
Except on that pacific main,  
Beyond this planet's brink ;

Yet, as we erst have traveled the welkin,  
Still may we float awhile together,  
As comrades on the rick!

Many a scolding tale we've had  
Together, and my gall-stead,  
Some perils we have passed,  
When huge and black the wave career'd,  
And oft the giant surge appear'd  
The master of our mast,—

'Twas thy example taught me how  
To climb the billow's hoary brow,  
Or cleave the raging heap—  
To land alone the ocean wild,  
With danger—only as a child  
The water-rock'd to sleep.

Oh, who can tell that brave delight,  
To see the hissing wave in night  
Come rampant like a snake!  
To leap his horrid crest, and boast  
One's eyes upon the briny beast,  
Left couchant in the wake!





The simple shepherd's love is still  
To bask upon a sunny hill,  
The herdsman roams the vale—  
With both their fancies I agree ;  
Be mine the swelling, seeping sea,  
That is both hill and dale !

I yearn for that brisk spray— I yearn  
To feel the wave from stem to stern  
Uplift the plunging keel ;  
That merry step we used to dance  
On board the *Ardant* or the *Chance*,  
The ocean " toe and heel."

I long to feel the steady gale  
That fills the broad distended sail—  
The seas on either hand !  
My thought, like any hollow shell,  
Keeps mocking at my ear the swell  
Of waves against the land.

It is no fable—that old strain  
Of syrens !—so the witching main  
Is singing—and I sigh !

My heart is all at once incline I  
To seaward!—and I seem to find  
The waters in my eye!

Methinks I see the shining beach;  
The merry waves, each after each,  
Rebounding o'er the flints,  
I spy the grim preventive spy!  
The jolly boatman standing nigh!  
The maids in morning chintz!

And there they float—the sailing craft!  
The sail is up—the wind abaft—  
The ballast trim and neat.  
Alas! 'tis all a dream—a lie!  
A printer's imp is standing by,  
To haul my mizen sheet!

My tiller dwindles to a pen—  
My craft is that of bookish men—  
My sail—let Longman tell!  
Adieu, the wave, the wind, the spray!  
Men—maiden—chintz—fare away!  
Tom Woodgate, fare thee well!



## The Key.

A MOORISH ROMANCE.



THE Moor leans on his cushion,  
With the pipe between his lips,  
And still at frequent intervals  
The sweet sherbet he sips ;  
But, spite of lulling vapour  
And the sober cooling cup,  
The spirit of the swarthy Moor  
Is fiercely kindling up !

One hand is on his pistol,  
On its ornamented stock,  
While his finger feels the trigger  
And is busy with the lock—  
The other seeks his ataghan,  
And clasps its jewell'd hilt—  
Oh ! much of gore in days of yore  
That crooked blade has spilt !



His frown are kn't, his eyes of fire  
In vivid blackness roll,  
And gleam with fatal flashes  
Like the fire-damp of the coal;  
His jaws are set, and through his teeth  
He draws a savage breath,  
As if about to raise the shout  
Of Victory or Death!

For why? the last Zebeck that came  
And mor'd within the Mele,  
Such tidings unto Tunis brought  
As stir his very soul—  
The cruel jar of civil war,  
The sad and stormy reign,  
That blackens like a thunder cloud  
The sunny land of Spain!

No strife of glorious Chivalry,  
Nor honour's gain or loss,  
Nor yet that ancient rivalry,  
The Crescent with the Cross,  
No charge of gallant Paladins  
On Moslems stern and staunch;  
But Christian bloodling Christian blood!  
Beneath the olive branch!





A war of horrid parricide,  
And brother killing brother ;  
Yea, like to " dogs and sons of dogs " —  
That worry one another.  
But let them bite and tear and fight,  
The more the Kaffers slay,  
The sooner Hagar's swarming sons  
Shall make the land a prey !

The sooner shall the Moor behold  
Th' Alhambra's pile again ;  
And those who pined in Barbary  
Shall shout for joy in Spain—  
The sooner shall the Crescent wave  
On dear Granada's walls :  
And proud Mohammed Ali sit  
Within his father's halls !

" Alla-il alla ! " tiger-like  
Up springs the swarthy Moor,  
And, with a wide and hasty stride,  
Steps o'er the marble floor ;  
Across the hall, till from the wall,  
Where such quaint patterns be,  
With eager hand he snatches down  
An old and massive Key !

A massive Key of curious shape,  
And dark with dirt and rust,  
And well three weary centuries  
The metal might encrust !  
For since the King Beabdil fell  
Before the native attack,  
That ancient Key, so quaint to see,  
Hath never been in lock.

Brought over by the Saracens  
Who fled across the main,  
A token of the secret hope,  
Of going back again ;  
From race to race, from hand to hand,  
From house to house it pass'd ;  
O will it ever, ever open  
The Palace gate at last ?

Three hundred years and fifty two  
On post and wall it hung —  
Three hundred years and fifty two  
A dream to old and young ;  
But now a brighter destiny  
The Prophet's will accord :  
The time is come to scour the rust  
And lubricate the wards.

For should the Moor with sword and lance  
At Algesiras land,  
Where is the bold Bernardo now  
Their progress to withstand?  
To Burgos should the Moors come,  
Where is the noble Cid  
Five royal crowns to topple down  
As gallant Diaz did?

Hath Xeres any Pounder now,  
When other weapons fail,  
With club to thrash invaders rash,  
Like barley with a flail?  
Hath Seville any Perez still,  
To lay his clusters low,  
And ride with seven turbans green  
Around his saddle-bow?

No! never more shall Europe see  
Such Heroes brave and bold  
Such Valour, Faith, and Loyalty,  
As used to shine of old!  
No longer to one battle cry  
United Spaniards run,  
And with their thronging spears uphold  
The Virgin and her Son!

From Cadix fly the proud Biscay  
 From Madrid fly the droll  
 And Barcelona leave the hoar  
 Of Spanish host and soldier  
 The fleets decline, the merchants' pride  
 For want of foreign trade  
 And gold is want; and Alicante  
 Is sold by strict blockade!

The loyalty, and Valour fall;  
 Oppress'd by civil strife,  
 Betray'd by treachery and traitors' thrall,  
 Upset by foreign league,  
 While factions seeking private ends  
 By turn usurping reign  
 Well may the dreaming, scheming Moor  
 Exulting point to Spain!

Well may he curse the rusty Key  
 With African land and oil,  
 And hope an Arabian lance  
 Shall recompense the toil!  
 Will rags he wear the Moorish spear  
 Through wold Castile shall sweep,  
 And where the Catalonian sword  
 The Saracen shall reap!

Well may he vow to 'spurn the Cro-  
Beneath the Arab hoof,  
And plant the Crescent yet again  
Above th' Alhambra's roof—  
When those from whom St. Jago's name  
In chorus once arose,  
Are shouting Faction's battle-cries,  
And Spain forgets to 'Close '—

Well may he swear his ataghan  
Shall rout the traitor swarm,  
And carve them into Arabesques  
That show no human form—  
The blame be theirs whose bloody flag  
Invite the savage Moor,  
And tempt him with the ancient Key  
To seek the ancient door!







To — .

COMPOSED AT ROTTERDAM.



TAKE GAZE up in a city,—  
A city new and strange,  
Down many a watery street  
My fancy takes a range  
From side to side I saunter,  
And wonder where I am ;  
And can *You* be in England,  
And *I* at Rotterdam !

Before me lie dark waters  
In broad canals and deep,  
Whereon the silver moonbeams  
Sleep, restless in their sleep,  
A sort of vulgar Venice  
Reminds me where I am ;  
Yes, yes, you are in England,  
And I'm at Rotterdam.





Tall houses with quaint gables  
 Where frequent windows shine,  
 And quays that lead to bridges,  
 And trees in formal line,  
 And masts of spicy vessels  
 From western Surinam,  
 All tell me you're in England,  
 But I'm in Rotterdam.

Those sailors, how outlandish  
 The face and form of each !  
 They deal in foreign gesture,  
 And use a foreign speech ;  
 A tongue not learn'd near Isis,  
 Or studied by the Cam,  
 Declares that you're in England,  
 And I'm at Rotterdam.

And now across a market  
 My doubtful way I trace,  
 Where stands a solemn statue,  
 The Genius of the place ;  
 And to the great Erasmus  
 I offer my salaam ;  
 Who tells me you're in England,  
 But I'm at Rotterdam.

The coffee room is open—  
I rattle in its crowd,  
The dominos are natty—  
The bookies raise a clow,  
The flavour, none at Fenny's,  
That mingles with my drink,  
Reminds me you're in England,  
And I'm at Rotterdam.

Then here it goes, a bumper—  
The toast it shall be mine,  
In Schiedam, or in cherry,  
Tokay, or hock of Rhine,  
It well deserves the brightest,  
Where sunbeam ever swam—  
"The Girl I love in England"  
I drink at Rotterdam!















## The Knight and the Dragon.



IN the famous old times,  
Famed for chivalrous crime,  
As the legends of Rhineland deliver,  
Once there flourished a Knight,  
Who Sir Otto was he called,  
On the banks of the rapid green river!

On the Drachenfels' crest  
He had built a stone nest,  
From which he pounced down like a vulture,  
And with talons of steel  
Out of every man's meal  
Took a very extortionate multure.

Yet he lived in good fame,  
With a nobleman's name,  
As "Your High and-well-born" addressed daily—

Though Judge Park in his way  
Would have deem'd him a prize,  
Or a crack man, if tried at th' Old Bailey.

It is strange—very strange !  
How opinions will change !—  
How antiquity blazons and hallows  
Both the man, and the crime,  
That a less lapse of time  
Would commend to the hulks or the gallows !

Thus enthral'd by Romance,  
In a mystified trance,  
E'en a young, mild, and merciful woman  
Will recal with delight  
The wild keep, and its Knight,  
Who was quite as much tiger as human !

Now it chanced on a day,  
In the sweet month of May,  
From his casement Sir Otto was gazing,  
With his sword in the sheath,  
At that prospect beneath,  
Which our tourists declare so amazing !





Yes—he gazed on the Rhine,  
And its banks, so divine ;  
Yet with no admiration or wonder,  
But the *gout* of a thief,  
As a more modern chief  
Looked on London, and cried “ What a plunder ! ”

From that river so fast,  
From that champaign so vast,  
He collected rare tribute and presents ;  
Water-rates from ships' loads,  
Highway-rates on the roads,  
And hard poor-rates from all the poor peasants !

When behold ! round the base  
Of his strong dwelling-place,  
Only gained by most toilsome progression,  
He perceived a full score  
Of the rustics, or more,  
Winding up in a sort of procession !

“ Keep them out ! ” the Knight cried,  
To the warders outside—  
But the hound at his feet gave a grumble !

And in scrambled the knave,  
Like feulerty's clove,  
With all forms that are servile and humble.

"Now for our rich complaints!  
Grant me patience, ye Saints!"  
Cried the Knight, turning red as a mallet!  
When the baldest old man  
Thus his story began,  
With a guttural creak in his gullet!

"Lord supreme of our lives,  
Of our daughters, our wives,  
Our ahe cousins, our sons, and their spouses,  
Of our sisters and aunts,  
Of the babies God grants  
Of the handmaids that dwell in our houses!

"Mighty master of all  
We possess, great or small,  
Of our cattle, our mews, and their fennows,  
Of our mares and their colts,  
Of our crutts, and our holls,  
Of our ploughs, of our wasses, and our barn-wells!

" Noble Lord of the soil,  
Of its corn and its oil,  
Of its wine, only fit for such gentles !  
Of our cream and our-kraut,  
Of our carp and our trout,  
Our black bread, and black pudding and lentils !

" Sovran Lord of our cheese,  
And whatever you please  
Of our bacon, our eggs, and our batter,  
Of our backs and our poll,  
Of our bodies and soul --  
O give ear to the woes that we utter !

" We are truly perplex'd,  
We are frighted and vex'd,  
Till the strings of our hearts are all twisted !  
We are ruined and curst  
By the fiercest and worst  
Of all robbers that ever existed ! "

" Now by Heav'n and this light ! "  
In a rage cried the Knight,  
" For this speech all your bodies shall stiffen ! "



What! by Peasants miscall'd, I—  
Quoth the man that was bold,  
"Not your Honour we mean, but a Griffin—"

"For our herds and our flocks  
He lays wait in the rocks,  
And jumps forth without giving us warning,  
Two poor wethers, right fit,  
And four lambs after that,  
Did he swallow this very May morning!"

Then the High and well-born  
Gave a laugh as in scorn,  
"Is the Griffin indeed now a creature?  
Let him eat up the rime,  
And the fables, and their fame—  
If I hate any meat, 't is that!"

"Nay, your Woolsey, said then  
The most bald of old men,  
"For a sheep we would hardly thus call,  
If the merciless Beast  
Did not oftentimes feast  
On the Pilgrims, and people that travel!"

"Feast on what," cried the Knight,  
Whilst his eye glitten'd bright  
With the most diabolical flame—  
"Does the Beast dare to prey  
On the road and highway?  
With our proper diversion that clashes!"

"Yea, 'tis so, and far worse,"  
Said the Clown, "to our curse;  
For by way of a snack or a titbit,  
Every week in the year  
Sure as Sundays appear,  
A young virgin is thrown to the Griffin!"

"Ha! Saint Peter! Saint Mark!"  
Roar'd the Knight, frowning dark,  
With an oath that was awful and bitter—  
"A young maid to his dish!  
Why, what more could he wish,  
If the Beast were High born, and a Rottel!"

"Now, by this our good brand,  
And by this our right hand,  
By the badge that is borne on our banners,

If we can but once meet  
With the maner's retreat,  
We will teach him to peach, on our manner!

Quite content with this vow,  
With a scrape and a bow,  
The glad peasants went home to their flagons,  
Where they tumbled so deep,  
That each clown in his sleep  
Dreamt of killing a legion of dragons!

Thus engaged, the bold Knight  
Soon prepared for the fight  
With the wily and ready marauder;  
But, ere battle began,  
Like a good Christian man,  
First he put all his belongings in order.

"Double folded and battled  
Let each gate have a guard —  
(Thus his ragged lieutenant warbled)  
"And be sure, without fail,  
No one enter the vault  
Where the Church's gold would be laid."

" In the dark oubliette  
Let yon merchant forget  
That he e'er had a bark richly laden —  
And that desperate youth,  
Our own rival for oath !  
Just indulge with a kiss of the Maiden !

" Crush the thumbs of the Jew  
With the vice and the screw,  
Till he tells where he buried his treasure ;  
And deliver our word  
To yon sullen caged bird,  
That to-night she must sing for our pleasure !"

Thereupon, *clink clink* —  
As a champion should be,  
With the bald-headed peasant to guide him,  
On his war-horse he bounds,  
And then, whistling his hounds,  
Prances off to what fate may betide him ;

Nor too long do they seek,  
Ere a horrible reek,  
Like the fumes from some villanous tavern,

Set the dogs on the snuff,  
For they scent well enough  
The foul monster crou'd up in his cavern!

Then alighting with speed  
From his terrified steed,  
Which he ties to a tree for the present,  
With his sword ready drawn,  
Strides the Ritter Hüh-hörn,  
And along with him drags the scared peasant!

"O Sir Knight, good Sir Knight!  
I am near enough quite—  
I have shown you the beast and his retreat!"  
But before he can reach  
Any farther in speech,  
He is stricken stone dead by Sir Otto!

Who withdrawing himself  
To a high rocky dell,  
Sees the monster his tale disentangle  
From each tortuous coil,  
With a sudden turmoil,  
And rush forth the dead peasant to mangle.

With his terrible claws,  
And his horrible jaws,  
He soon moulds the warm corse to a jelly,<sup>1</sup>  
Which he quickly sucks in  
To his own wicked skin  
And then sinks at full stretch on his belly.

Then the Knight softly goes  
On the tips of his toes  
To the greedy and slumbering savage,  
And with one hearty stroke  
Of his sword, and a poke,  
Kills the beast that had made such a ravage.

So, extended at length,  
Without motion or strength,  
That gorged serpent they call the constrictor,  
After dinner, while deep  
In lethargical sleep,  
Falls a prey to his Hottentot victor.

" 'Twas too easy by half!"  
Said the Knight with a laugh;  
" But as nobody witness'd the slaughter,

I will wear, knock and knock,  
By Saint Wenden's clock,  
We were at it three hours and a quarter."

Then he chopped off the head  
Of the monster so dread,  
Which he tied to his horse as a trophy;  
And, with hounds, by the same  
Rugged path that he came,  
Home he jogg'd proud as Sultan or Sophy.

Blessed Saints! what a rout  
When the news flew about,  
And the carcase was fetch'd in a waggon;  
What an outcry rose wild  
From man, woman, and child—  
"Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon!"

All that night the thick walls  
Of the Knight's feudal halls  
Rang with shouts for the wine cup and flagon;  
Whilst the vassals stood by,  
And repeated the cry—  
"Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon!"

The next night and the next,  
Still the fight was the text,  
'Twas a theme for the minstrels to brag on !  
And the vassals' hoarse throats  
Still re-echoed the notes—  
“ Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon !

There was never such work  
Since the days of King Stork,  
When he lived with the Frogs at free quarters ;  
Not to name the invites  
That were sent down of nights,  
To the villagers' wives and their daughters !

It was feast upon feast,  
For good cheer never ceased,  
And a foray replenish'd the flagon ;  
And the vassals stood by,  
But more weak was the cry—  
“ Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon !”

Down again sank the sun,  
Nor were revels yet done —  
But as if ev'ry mouth had a gag on,



Through the vassals stood round,  
Deceit a word or a sound  
Of "Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon!"

There was feasting aloft,  
But through pillage so oft  
Down below there was wailing and hunger,  
And affection ran cold,  
And the food of the old,  
It was wolfishly snatched by the younger!

Mad with troubles so vast,  
Where's the wonder at last  
If the peasants quite alter'd their motto—  
And with one loud accord  
Cried out "Would to the Lord,  
That the Dragon had vanquish'd Sir Otto!"





## I Remember, I Remember.



REMEMBER, I remember,  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn.

He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day,  
But now, I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,  
The roses, red and white,  
The violets, and the lily cups,  
Those flowers made of light!  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnum on his birth-day,—  
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,  
Where I was used to wing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing ;  
My spirit flew in feathers then,  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember  
The fir trees dark and high ;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky :  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from Heav'n  
Than when I was a boy.









## Poem.

FROM THE POLISH.



FROM seventy two North latitude,  
Dear Kitty, I indite ;  
But first I'd have you understand  
How hard it is to write

Of thoughts that breathe and words that burn,  
My Kitty, do not think,—  
Before I wrote these very lines,  
I had to melt my ink.

Of mutual flames and lover's warmth,  
You must not be too nice ;  
The sheet that I am writing on  
Was once a sheet of ice !

The Polar cold is sharp enough  
To freeze with icy glass  
The genial current of the soul,  
Even in a "Man of Ross."

Pope says that letters waft a sigh  
From Inlus to the Pole ;  
But here I really wish the post  
Would only "post the rail."

So chilly is the Northern blast,  
It blows me through and through  
A ton of Wallend in a note  
Would be a billet doux !

In such a frigid latitude  
It scarce can be a sin,  
Should passion cool a little, where  
A Fury was ice-dim.

I'm rather tired of endless snow,  
And long for cold again ;  
And I would give up a Sea of Ice  
For some of Lampton's Mass.

I'm sick of dazzling ice and snow,  
The sun itself I hate ;  
So very bright, so very cold,  
Just like a summer grate.

For opodeldoc I would kneel,  
My chilblains to anoint ;  
O Kate, the needle of the North  
Has got a freezing point.

Our food *is* solids,—ere we put  
Our meat into our crops,  
We take sledge-hammers to our steaks  
And hatchets to our chops.

So very bitter is the blast,  
So cutting is the air,  
I never have been warm but once,  
When hugging with a bear.

One thing I know you'll like to hear,  
Th' effect of Polar snows,  
I've left off snuff—one pinching day—  
From leaving off my nose.



I have no ear for music now ,  
My ears both left together ,  
And as for dancing, I have cut  
My toes—it's cutting weather.

I've said that you should have my hand,  
Some happy day to come ,  
But, Kate, you only now can wed  
A finger and a thumb.

Don't fear that any Esquimaux  
Can wean me from my own ;  
The Girdle of the Queen of Love  
Is not the Frozen Zone.

At wives with large estates of snow  
My fancy does not bite ;  
I like to see a Bride—but not  
In such a deal of white.

Give me for home a house of brick,  
The Kate I love at Kew !  
A hand unchopped—a merry eye ;  
And not a nose, of blue.





To think upon the Bridge of Kew,  
To me a bridge of sighs ;  
Oh, Kate, a pair of icicles  
Are standing in my eyes !

God knows if I shall e'er return,  
In comfort to be lull'd !  
But if I do get back to port,  
Pray let me have it mull'd





## Address.



USH ! not a sound ! no whisper ! no demur !  
No restless motion — no intrusive stir !  
But with staid presence and a quiet breath,  
One solemn moment dedicate to Death !

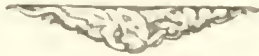
For now no fancied miseries bespeak  
The panting bosom, and the wetted cheek ;  
No fabled Tempest, or dramatic wreck,  
No Royal Sire wash'd from the mimic deck,  
And dirged by Sea Nymphs to his briny grave !  
Alas ! deep, deep beneath the sullen wave,  
His heart, once warm and throbbing as your own,  
Now cold and senseless as the shingle-stone ;  
His lips, so eloquent, choked up with sand,  
The bright eye glazed — and the impressive hand,  
Idly entangled with the ocean weed —  
Full fathom five, a FATHER lies indeed !





Yes! where the foaming billows rave the while  
Around the rocky Ferns and Holy Isle,  
Deaf to their roar, as to the dear applause  
That greets deserving in the Drama's cause,  
Blind to the horrors that appal the bold,  
To all he hoped, or feared, or loved, of old—  
To love—and love's deep agony, a-cold;  
He, who could move the passions, moved by none,  
Drifts an unconscious corse.—Poor ELTON's race is run!

Weep for the dead! Yet do not merely weep  
For him who slumbers in the oozy deep;  
Mourn for the dead!—yet not alone for him  
O'er whom the cormorant and gannet swim;  
But, like Grace Darling in her little boat,  
Stretch out a saving hand to those that float  
The orphan Seven—so prematurely hurl'd  
Upon the billows of this stormy world,  
And struggling—save your pity take their part—  
With breakers huge enough to break the heart!





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